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RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

A WHITE, coquettish hat, with ribbons blue;
Small buds encircle it, of rosy hue.
A low, white brow beneath, as pure as snow;
Eyes blue as violets that whisper low
On southern hill-side warm, this April day,
Half-shuddering, in dread of fickle May.

Cheeks smoothly fair and round, tinged with a flush
From Nature's lavish hand — not carmine brush.
A perfect smiling mouth; lips cherry-bright —
Might tempt me, if a bird, there to alight.
Teeth with a flash like pearls — even little row!
How, through the silvery laugh, they come and go!

A chin and throat so pure, blue veins shine through.
Were I that tiny tie, of red and blue!
Arrayed in misty gauze, this maiden fair
Seems half-descended from celestial air;
And still the brilliant sash, and colors bright,
Give to the radiant girl an earthly light.

And so my fond old heart thanks God above,
That she is of the earth — an earthly love.
My darling wears her choice — red, white and blue
And patriot, too, am I — I breathe her true.
Yet does she little guess — shy as a hare —
It is her dearest self that I would wear!

— Mrs. Sophie M. Damon.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH:

A Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution.

FROM PERSONAL RELATIONS AND DOCUMENTS NEVER
BEFORE MADE PUBLIC.

BY AN EX-PENSION-AGENT.

CHAPTER XII.

PATRIOT BOAT-SERVICE AND HUYLER'S MEN.

A SINGLE additional glance, but one of a certain importance, at events of the same time, occurring still farther distant from Valley Forge than even the plains of Monmouth. Within the Jersey county of that name, a portion of the scene; though on the very verge, where the rough Raritan shore opened on the bay of that appellation, and where the yet rougher wooded Highlands of Navesink looked out on the stormy Atlantic. The remainder, on the opposite side of the bay, so near to the city of New York as to be within the jurisdiction of the State of which it has always formed the commercial metropolis.

Allusion has more than once been made, already, to those marine guerrillas, of a class often much more difficult to combat than others engaged in regular warfare; and the connection with them of errant Tom Wayne, especially involving his fortunes in their action at this period, gives occasion to deal with those peculiar patriots somewhat more closely than heretofore.

Reckoned by size of ships and weight of metal, the most daring exploits of the marine heroes of the Revolution must seem trifling to the men of the last decade, grown used to colossal cannon and yet more monstrous vessels; and under such a view, the deeds of John Paul Jones, of John Barry, of Richard Dale, of Joshua Barney, and the bravest and most active of their compeers, would seem little more than the works of pigmies, handling the toy-weapons of children, and cruising in vessels so diminutive as scarcely to have formed pinnacles for the iron-clad monsters of to-day. But such a view is not likely to be taken by the intelligent; and no reader of the history of that warfare can fail to be struck by the effects, even disproportioned to the deeds as well as the means employed, produced by the frequent successes of the patriots in combating England on the element which she especially claimed as her own. Had this not been the case, scarcely would France have given sword and order, Russia an order, and Denmark an order and a pension, merely for even the fierce bravery of the hero of the *Bonhomme Richard*, who may, for the purposes of this suggestion, be taken as a type and pattern of all his brother commanders. The moral effect of success upon the sea, in favor of the nation struggling into birth, was infinitely greater than corresponding victory on the more stable element could by any means have achieved; and let this fact not be forgotten, even in the glory of other heroes and in the overwhelming blaze of such achievements as those of the "Great Admiral" in the days now scarcely yet gone from us.

But, to descend yet another step, no small amount of good was done to the patriot cause, as no small

amount of injury was inflicted on the royal, by the men who fought along the coasts, with even humbler vessels and even more trifling weapons than those winning the successes on blue water. Royal troops were thrown out of supplies, placed in jeopardy, and often driven from the chance of important operations, by the inconsiderable but harassing whale-boat, skiff, or batteau, and the adventurous surf-men who found equal pleasure and profit in making it a miniature man-of-war; and in more than one instance advantageous positions were absolutely rendered untenable and abandoned, in the fear of foes weak in armament and contemptible in numbers, but who possessed the power of coming unexpectedly and disappearing without the possibility of pursuit.

Such operations in very small vessels — principally in row-boats, as more certain than sailing-boats to make rapid way under necessity — were by no means confined to any one locality; every bay and harbor, and indeed every river of prominence, close to which lay any one of the theatres of conflict, being more or less haunted by these rivals of the mountain free-shooter. But the western end of Long Island Sound, as being near to New York, and the eastern, as commanding one route to it and being also near Newport, New London and other places of strategic importance, naturally afforded more inducement for those coast-rovers, than places less favorably situated; and the records yet extant, of operations carried on by the aid of the skiff and the oar, along those two lines, and by both the conflicting parties, would fill volumes with interest oddly blending the historical and the romantic. The boat expedition ending in the capture of the British General Prescott, in his head-quarters near Warwick, Rhode Island, by Colonel Barton, in July, 1777, had an appropriate revenge in the similar taking of the American General Silliman, at Fairfield, Connecticut, by a boat-party of loyalists from Long Island, in 1779; — and that, an equally odd pendant in the carrying off of the loyalist, Judge Jones, in a similar manner, from Fort Neck, near Oyster Bay, Long Island, in the fall of the same year, for the avowed purpose of making him a subject of exchange for the captured Silliman.

Yet more extensively than at the eastern end of the Sound, however, was this description of warfare pursued in all the waters more closely surrounding New York, and especially on Raritan Bay and the rivers and creeks emptying into it, from New Brunswick and Amboy to the open sea at Sandy Hook, and thence down the coast to Egg Harbor and the Capes of the Delaware. And it was here, as already indicated, that Captain Adam Huyler, and his lieutenant and sometimes rival, Captain William Marriener, both originally men of the Middlesex shore, performed their most daring deeds — often of success, but sometimes of failure or an incompleteness scarcely less galling.

They had a bright example, these men, be it said, inciting them to activity and enterprise. For no less a man than William Alexander, titular Earl of Stirling, and one of the bravest and noblest free-lances of his time, had set them the pattern in the taking of the British transport, the *Blue Mountain Valley*, in armed boats from Elizabethport, off Sandy Hook, late in 1775 or the beginning of 1776. Since taking up the trade, Huyler and his men had known many vicissitudes blended with no small number of triumphs — as indeed was their fate throughout the struggle. More than one of the Hessian and other commanders he had successfully surprised, from the Long Island shore, sometimes making no contemptible capture of moneyed spoil in those operations; though occasionally discomfited, as when (as tradition affirms) he carried off the loyalist, Colonel Lott, from Flatbush, with what he believed to be two bags of guineas, the painful discovery following, at New Brunswick, that he had merely achieved two bags of half-pennies, belonging to the church collections of his neighborhood! Not long before that January of 1778, his boats had been burned by an armed force from New York, and himself and his companions only escaped capture by fleeing to the woods of Navesink. Little time had been necessary, however, at the hands of the Jersey coastmen — half fishermen and half boat-builders, by profession — to repair the loss with new and larger boats, better armed and appointed; and the midwinter of 1777-8 saw him occupying the Cove within Sandy Hook, and occasionally the shores adjacent, burning with revenge against the destroyers of his former boats,

and (perhaps the fact may as well be admitted, so often alleged against him) with fierce desire for some new adventure that might prove as profitable as patriotic!

Such opportunity seemed to have come to him, very nearly or quite at the same time when we have seen the half-ludicrous working of other guerrilla warfare in upper Monmouth, — and under circumstances easily and briefly explained. For H. B. M. corvette, the *Staghound*, reported to have brought over large sums in treasure for the payment of the troops then occupying New York, after passing Sandy Hook two days previously, had anchored in Coney Island Bight (small bay) on the Long Island shore, instead of entering the Narrows — her commander preferring, as there was every reason to believe, landing his treasure at New Utrecht on Long Island, then fully in British possession, and transporting it under proper guard overland to Brooklyn and the city — rather than to enter within the Upper Bay, with possibility of difficulty in leaving it again, his orders being peremptory for the West Indies, the moment that he should have concluded the first part of his mission. In the thought of Captain Huyler, and, after due communication, also in the thought of his men, there was no absolute occasion of the corvette *Staghound* proceeding to the West Indies at all; the sands of Romer being very well fitted for supplying a grave to that vessel, after being visited by his whale-boats, plundered of whatever might be valuable for other uses, and subjected to the cleansing fire of the pitch-pine torch. The corvette still lying in that position, visible from the heights of the Highlands, and yet more easily swept by the long glasses of the patriotic buccaneers — it was for the enterprise of capturing and destroying her that the whole force assembled at their rendezvous at Spermaceti Cove on the second night after the arrival, and when the young winter moon gave sufficient light for all earlier operations, without being likely to betray prematurely those later occurring.

Few wilder scenes can well be imagined, than the Sandy Hook shore and its neighborhood, when Huyler's Men gathered for that exploit. Dense cedar woods then clothed the whole extent of the Hook, as now they only clothe a small portion of it. Across the Cove, and beyond the channel of the Shrewsbury, the low shore was also wooded, quite as densely but with much more majestic growth, the dark line stretching away to the lofty woods and fastnesses of the Highlands — the last spot, by the bye, within the whole State which it seems to guard against the ocean, where enough of unbroken thicket remained to keep it a haunt of the red deer and the other wild game always fleeing before civilization, — and the last, south of the northern counties of the Hudson, to own a proprietor holding the quasi-feudal and ante-Revolutionary name of "the Patroon." But though the woods rose darkly, far other was the general aspect of the landscape; for the snow lay thickly along the whole line of coast, brightening every rod of cleared space, and carrying out the apparent shore far into the bay, on the ice forming an irregular border all around it.

There was but little ice on the Hook shore proper, the set of the current breaking it up and carrying it away much sooner than from the opposite land; and such had been the case throughout the winter, as during previous seasons. Seldom did the whale-boats, when unused drawn up beyond the reach of water and ice, need to be dragged, at that point, any considerable distance over the latter to reach the former; though with their full manning and the strong arms of the adventurers, little objection could have been found even against such a necessity, except in the wearing out of valuable cedar and pine in keel and garboard. Always doubtful of long tenancy, in their own will or the will of others, Huyler's Men, even at their favorite localities, made small pretense of the architectural; and their "lodge," on the ice-bound shore at Spermaceti Cove, consisted of one immense hut of felled timbers, scarcely enough trimmed or shaped to be called logs, the filling in and the roof-thatching alike supplied by the great cedar-branches, and the carpentry of doors and windows (the latter guiltless of glass) being undeniably of the roughest. This single apartment was living-room, dining-room, sleeping-room, all rooms in one, to the hardy coastmen, whose many leisure hours were necessarily filled by conversations and amusements the reverse of intellectual; home-made cards of bonnet-board, with the spots done in ink or pencil, principally supplying what might be called the